APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

MY FATHER WAS ACTUALLY THE REASON I GOT INTO JOURNALISM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

WE USED TO READ THE PAPER TOGETHER. AND HIS PASSION FOR NEWS IS WHAT MADE ME INTERESTED IN THE FIELD.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE'D BE PROUD OF ME.

BOTH MY PARENTS THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A HOBBY AT FIRST. BUT WHEN I MADE IT CLEAR THIS WAS WHAT I WANTED TO DO WITH MY LIFE, DAD GOT REAL ANGRY.

HE SAID HE WOULDN'T HAVE HIS ONLY DAUGHTER PURSUE THAT SORT OF CAREER

"DO SOMETHING WORTH TALKING ABOUT INSTEAD OF WRITING ABOUT THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF BETTER MEN".

HE REFUSED TO PAY FOR MY STUDIES OF COURSE, SO I APPLIED FOR A SCHOLARSHIP AND MOVED OUT.

MY MOTHER TRIED TO GET BACK IN TOUCH AFTER THAT.

BUT MY DAD NEVER DID.

BILL

HIS WORDS STILL ECHOED IN MY HEAD ON THE FIRST DAY OF CLASS.

I COULDN'T BLOCK THEM OUT. SO I VOWED TO PROVE HIM WRONG.

I WAS GONNA ACE EVERY TEST. WRITE AWARD-WINNING STORIES AND REALLY MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF.

THE FIRST PART WAS EASY. THE CLASSES WERE FASCINATING.

MEDIA LAW. HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. DIGITAL PUBLISHING. INTRO TO POLITICS.

IT WAS ALL I'D EVER WANTED TO LEARN.

SOMETIME DURING MY SECOND YEAR HOWEVER, I GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT WITH ONE OF MY TEACHERS ABOUT THE ETHICS OF OUR PROFESSION.

SPECIFICALLY ABOUT THE RESPECT OF PERSONAL PRIVACY.

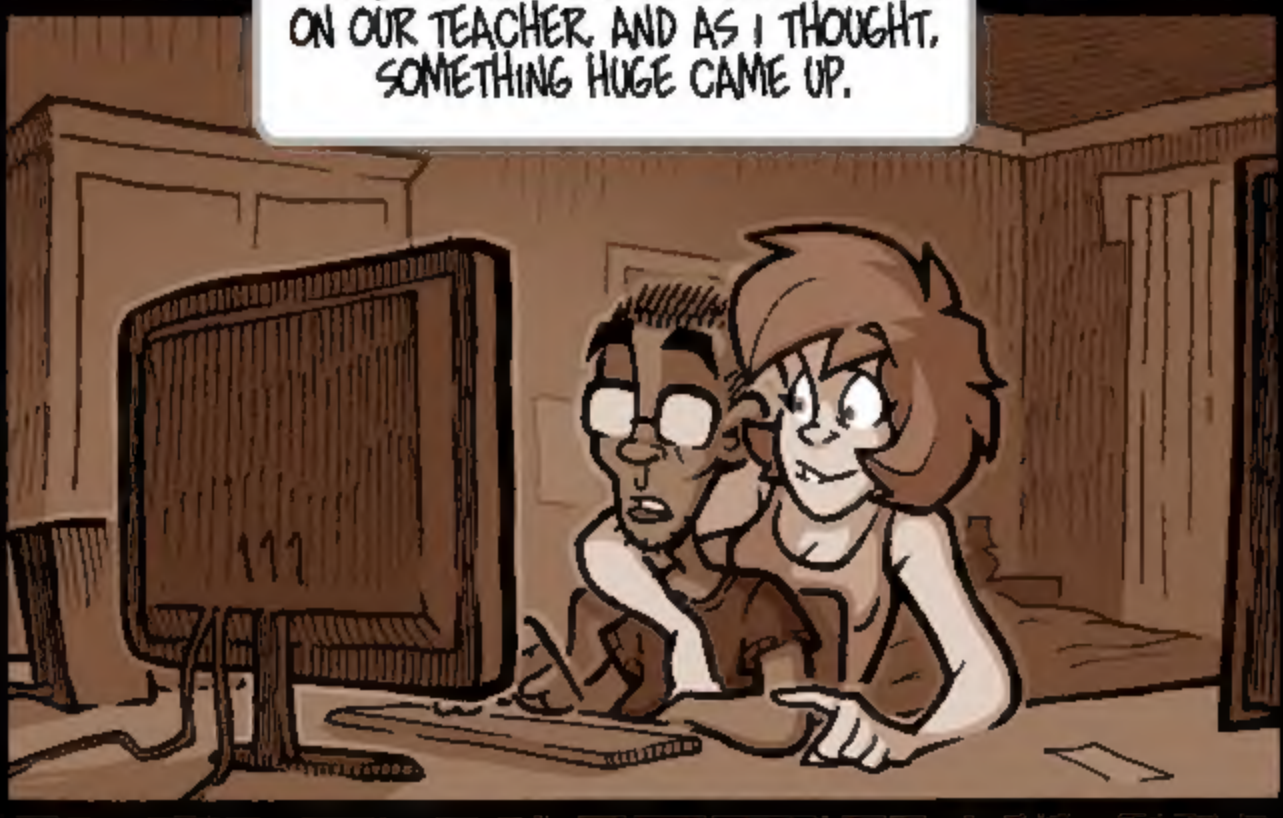
"THE TRUTH DOESN'T BELONG TO EVERYONE. SOME STORIES ARE NOT FOR US TO TELL."

THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS.

LIKE MAYBE HE HAD SOMETHING TO HIDE.

IF THERE WAS A STORY HERE, I FIGURED UNCOVERING IT WOULD GIVE ME THE EDGE I NEEDED TO GET A GOOD INTERNSHIP.

I CONVINCED MY BOYFRIEND OSCAR TO HELP ME DO SOME DIGGING ON OUR TEACHER, AND AS I THOUGHT, SOMETHING HUGE CAME UP.



THE MAN WAS AN EX-CON AND A REGISTERED SEX OFFENDER. CONVICTED FOR UNDERAGE SEX IN HIS PREVIOUS SCHOOL.

OSCAR THOUGHT WE SHOULD REPORT TO THE UNIVERSITY FIRST, BUT I WAS AFRAID THEY MIGHT COVER THINGS UP TO AVOID A SCANDAL AND ROB ME OF MY STORY.

IT WAS ONLY AFTER I'D PUBLISHED IT THAT THE DETAILS OF HIS CONVICTION CAME TO LIGHT.

OUR TEACHER WASN'T A PEDOPHILE. HE HAD A LIAISON WHEN HE WAS 29 WITH ONE OF HIS STUDENTS. AND HER FATHER REPORTED THEM TO THE POLICE. HIS DAUGHTER BEING A MINOR BY ONLY THREE MONTHS AT THE TIME.

THEY GOT MARRIED THE DAY HE CAME OUT OF PRISON.

BY THEN SADLY, THE DAMAGE WAS DONE. MY ARTICLE SPREAD ACROSS THE UNIVERSITY LIKE WILD FIRE, CREATING SEVERAL PETITIONS TO HAVE HIM DISCHARGED.

THE ADMINISTRATION ALREADY KNEW OF COURSE, AND WHEN THEY LEARNED WHAT I'D DONE, I WAS EXPELLED FOR "UNETHICAL CONDUCT".

THEY SAID I LACKED BOTH RESPECT AND EMPATHY, AND WAS NOT CUT OUT TO BE A PROPER JOURNALIST.

I WAS DEVASTATED. BUT I COULDN'T LET MY FATHER BE RIGHT. THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED TO LEAVE LONDON.

OSCAR FORGAVE ME OF COURSE.

... AND I RESENTED HIM FOR THAT.

DO YOU RESENT UNCLE MOT FOR FORGIVING YOU LAST NIGHT?

...

NO.

FEELINGS ARE WEIRD.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.